Instructor Literature Series—No. 33C

# STORIES FROM ANDERSEN

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Miss Mary Virginia Fisher

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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

# THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER
# THE UGLY DUCKLING

## AND OTHER STORIES FROM ANDERSEN

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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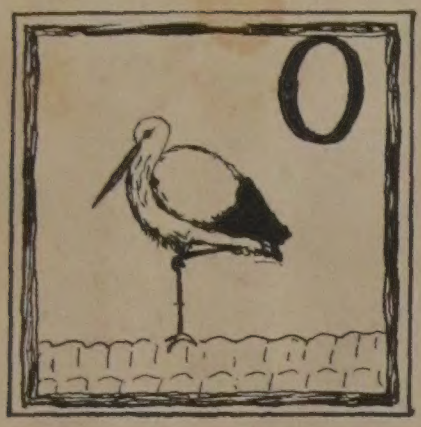
"We'll boil one bird,
And fry another,
Shoot the third,
And roast his brother."

# Stories From Andersen

## THE STORKS



ON the roof of a house in a little village was a stork's nest. A mother stork sat in it with her four young ones.

Not far away stood the father bird on one leg. He was as straight and still as if he had been made of wood.

Some boys were playing in the street below. As soon as they saw the storks, they began to sing:

"We'll broil one bird,
And fry another,
Shoot the third,
And roast his brother."

"Listen to those boys," said the little storks. "They say they will shoot us and fry us."

"Do not mind what they say," answered their mother. "If you don't listen you won't hear anything."

The boys went on singing and pointed to the storks with their fingers.

"Do not listen," said the mother stork again.

"Look at your father and see how quietly he stands on one leg."

"We are afraid, we are afraid," said the young ones, and they hid their heads in the nest.

The next day when the boys came out to play they sang the same song:

"We'll broil one bird,
And fry another,
Shoot the third,
And roast his brother."

"Shall we really be killed and roasted?" asked the young storks.

"No, indeed!" said the mother. "You will learn how to fly. I shall teach you myself. Then we shall fly to the marshes and visit the frogs. They will cry, 'Croak, croak,' and we shall eat them for our dinner."

"And then what shall we do?" asked the young storks.

"Then all the storks of this country will come together. All the young storks will fly, and there will be a great time. You must learn to fly well before the fall drilling begins.

"After the drill is over, we shall fly far away from here. We shall go over mountains and woods and seas to Egypt.

"There is a river in that country which overflows its banks and covers all the land with

mud. There we shall find frogs and we can eat all day long."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said all the little storks.

"While we are in that pleasant land it will be cold here," said the mother. "Even the clouds will freeze and fall to the ground in little white feathers."

"Will the boys that stay here freeze?" asked the little storks.

"Oh, no!" answered the mother, "but they must stay in the house while you are flying about in the sunshine."

In a few days the little storks grew big enough to stand up in the nest. The father stork brought them young frogs and many other good things that stork children like to eat.

"It is time you learned to fly," said the mother stork one day.

The four young ones left their nest and stood on the roof.

"Look at me," said the mother. "Hold yourselves like this. Place your feet as I do. One, two; one, two." She flew a little way and the young storks tried to follow her. But their wings were weak and they fell on the roof.

"I do not wish to fly," said one of the little storks as he crept back into the nest. "I do not wish to go to the warm country."

"Will you stay here and freeze? Or do you

Mary Virginia Eder



want the boys to come and catch you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the smallest stork, and he hopped out on the roof with the others.

On the third day they could fly a little. Then they thought they could soar in the air. But when they tried, bump, bump, down they fell.

The boys in the street saw them fall and began to sing:

"We'll broil one bird
And fry another."

"Shall we fly down and peck their eyes?" said the young storks.

"Leave them alone and listen to me," said their mother. "One, two, three, now we turn to the right. One, two, three, now to the left and around the chimney.

"Good! good! very good indeed! Tomorrow I will take you to the marshes. There you will see other storks with their little ones. I hope my children will be the best of all."

"Shall we not punish the naughty boys?" asked one.

"Let them sing what they like," said the stork mother. "Soon you will rise high in the clouds and fly away. They will be left in the cold without a green leaf or a sweet apple."

Autumn came at last. All the storks flocked together to set out for the warm countries.

Then the flying drill began. Around and around flew the great birds above the woods and the village. But no young storks flew higher or faster than those that grew in the nest on the roof.

"Well done," said the stork captain when the drill was over, and he gave the best flyers young frogs for a prize.

Very soon the storks all started together for the warm countries of the South.

## THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

There were once twenty-five tin soldiers in a box. They were all brothers, for they were made from the same tin spoon.

Each soldier carried a gun in his left arm. They all wore red and blue uniforms and they all looked straight forward.

For a long time they lay packed in a box. One day the lid was taken off and they saw the light of day.

"Tin soldiers, tin soldiers! Oh, see my tin soldiers!" shouted a little boy,

The box of soldiers had been given to the little boy for a birthday present. He took them all out and set them in straight lines upon the table.

All the soldiers were like each other except one. The last soldier that was made from the tin spoon had but one leg. But he stood up just as straight as his brothers.

On the table where they stood were many other toys. Among them was a little castle made of cardboard. Through the small windows one could look into the rooms.

Before the castle was a tiny lake made of a piece of looking-glass. Small trees stood around and swans were swimming on the lake.

This was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a little lady who stood in the door of the castle. She was cut out of paper and she wore a white dress and blue ribbons.

The little lady held out both arms and stood on one foot, for she was a dancer.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the tin soldier. "She lives in a castle while I have only a box which I share with others. But I would like to talk with her." And the tin soldier lay down on the table where he could see the little dancer in the castle door.

After the people in the house went to sleep

the toys began to play, to dance, to pay visits and to make war. The nut crackers turned over and over and the slate pencil marked on the slate.

The tin soldier with one leg lay still on the table looking at the little dancer. She stood on one foot with her arms stretched out, but did not leave her castle.

In the morning the children came running into the room. One of them put the tin soldier on the window sill. The window was open and the soldier fell head-first to the ground.

That was a terrible fall. He stood on his head with his one leg straight up in the air. The little boy came down to look for him but he could not find him.

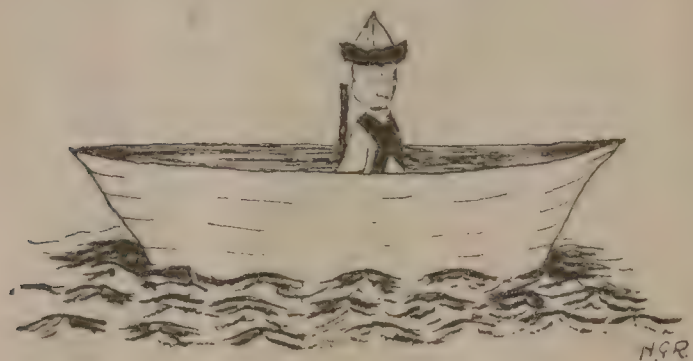
If the brave little soldier had only cried out he might have been found. But he did not think it proper for a soldier in uniform to cry aloud.

Then it began to rain. The drops fell faster and faster. The little soldier was very wet, but he would not speak. After the shower was over, two boys came running along the sidewalk.

"Look! there is a tin soldier," said one of them. "Let us make a boat for him."

They made a paper boat and put the tin soldier into it. The boat floated down the gutter and the boys ran along clapping their hands.

There were large waves in the gutter, for the rain had been pouring down. The paper boat rocked from side to side. But the brave tin soldier did not move. He held his gun in his arm and looked straight forward.



Suddenly the boat was driven under a large bridge. There it was dark as night.

Then came a big water rat that lived under the bridge.

"Pay toll," shouted the rat.

The tin soldier held his gun tighter than ever. The boat rushed forward. On came the rat crying out, "Stop him! stop him! He has not paid to go under my bridge."

On went the boat faster and faster. The water poured in and the tin soldier stood up to his neck in water. He thought of the little dancer in the beautiful castle. How he wished he were with her!

Then the paper boat sank and the brave tin soldier was swallowed by a large fish. But he did not cry out. He only lay still and waited in the darkness.

The fish made strange movements but after

a long time everything was still. Suddenly it became light and some one cried out, "Here is the lost tin soldier."

The fish had been caught and taken to market. There it had been sold and brought to the kitchen where the cook was cutting it up for dinner.

The tin soldier was carried to the children's room. "Look, look!" they shouted. "See the famous soldier who has been traveling about inside of a fish."

The brave soldier was put upon the table and then,—what do you think he saw?

He was at home again. There were the same happy children. There were his brother soldiers in the box. And there was the pretty little dancer standing on one foot in the castle door.

He would have wept tin tears but he remembered that a soldier in uniform should never weep. And so he stood up straight as a soldier should, and held his gun tightly in his arms.

## THE FLAX

The flax was in bloom. Every stem wore a blue flower, like a little blue cap. The sun warmed it and the rain clouds watered it.

"People say that I shall make a good piece of linen," said the flax. "Then I shall be use-

ful! Oh, I am so happy! How well I am cared for! How I enjoy the warm sun and the rain!"

"Trouble will come," said the fence post. "And then your song will be ended."

"No, it will not be ended," said the flax. "Tomorrow the sun will shine again, or the rain will fall."

After a time some men came and pulled the flax up by the roots. They put it in water and hung it over a fire. This was very hard to bear.

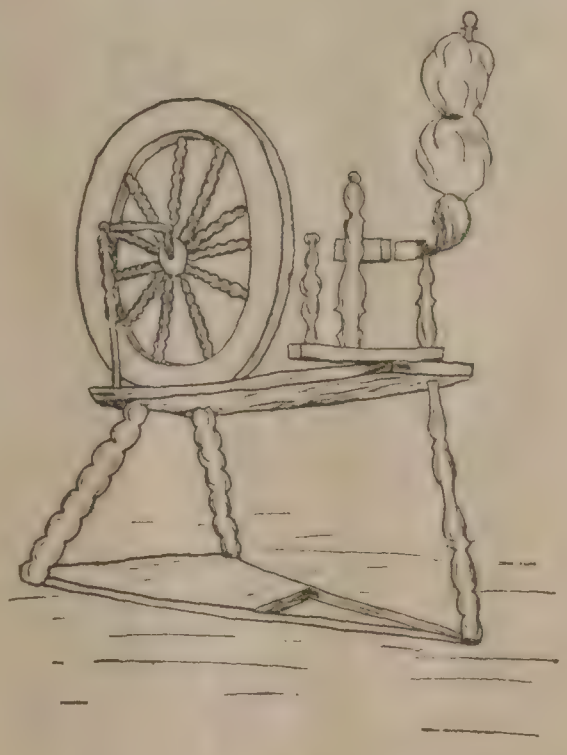
"One cannot always be happy," said the flax. "Sometimes one must suffer in order to learn."

But worse trouble came. The flax was roasted and broken and combed. Then it was put on the spinning wheel. "Whirr, whirr, whirr," went the wheel, round and round.

"How happy I was in the field!" thought the flax. "I must learn to be content in thinking of the pleasure I have had."

At last the flax was put on the loom, and woven into a beautiful piece of linen.

"How wonderful!" said the flax. "Now, I am useful. I never thought of this when I was growing in the field. How strong and fine I am!



"Every day I grow whiter and whiter as I lie on the grass in the sunshine. Every morning and every night the maid gives me a shower-bath with the watering pot.

"I am called the best piece of linen in the village. How happy I am! I can never be happier."

The linen was taken to the house and cut with the scissors. It was pricked with sewing needles, and this was not pleasant. But at last the white cloth was made into twelve beautiful white dresses.

"Now I understand why I was made," said the flax. "What a happy life it is to be useful!"

Years and years passed. The linen dresses became so worn that they could not hold together.

"The end must come soon," said one piece to another. "We should like to hold together longer, but we can not."

The linen dresses were torn into rags. "Everything is ended now," they thought.

But they were ground in a mill and boiled in water. And, behold! the linen rags were changed into beautiful white paper.

"What a surprise!" said the paper. "This is best of all. Now people will write letters on me and who knows what good I may do?"

Beautiful stories were written upon the white paper. Many people heard the stories and became wiser and better in thinking about them.

"I did not dream of this when I was growing in the field," said the flax. "Once I held up blue flowers for the children who visited me. Now I speak beautiful words to them. I shall be sent all around the world. Never before was I so happy!"

But the paper was not sent around the world It was sent to a printer, and the words that were written on it were printed in hundreds of books.

"This is the wisest way," said the paper. "If I had traveled from place to place I should soon have been worn out. It is pleasant to rest and I am happy." Then the paper was rolled and put into a cask with other papers.

"I wonder what will happen next," said the paper. "Something better has always come to me. I am sure that only good will happen."

One day the roll of paper was thrown into the fire to be burned. All the children were standing around the fireplace to see the flames.

Soon the paper was all on fire. Higher and higher blazed the flames! They reached higher than the blue flax flowers that once grew in the field. The flames shone brighter than the white linen when it lay in the sunshine.

"Now I am flying to the sun."

Was it a voice out of the flames that spoke these words?

"To the sun, to the sun, to the sun," a hundred voices in the chimney seemed to say.

"It is all over, all over," said the children.

"The song is never ended," said the sparks that flew from the chimney top, "and the best is always to come."

## THE FLAX FLOWER

Oh, the little flax flower!
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still.

It groweth, and it groweth fast;
One day it is a seed
And then a little grassy blade
Scarce better than a weed.

But then out comes the flax flower
As blue as is the sky;
And "'Tis a dainty little thing,"
We say as we go by.

Ah! 'tis a goodly little thing;
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesseth it
Beside his cottage door.

He thinketh how those slender stems
That shimmer in the sun
Are rich for him in web and woof
And shortly shall be spun.

He thinketh how those tender flowers
Of seed will yield him store,
And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.

Oh, the little flax flower!
The mother then says she,
"Go, pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,
But let the flax flower be!

It groweth for the children's sake,
It groweth for our own;
There are flowers enough upon the hill,
But leave the flax alone!

The farmer hath his fields of wheat,
Much cometh to his share;
We have this little plot of flax
That we have tilled with care."

Oh, the goodly flax flower!
It groweth on the hill,

And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still.

It seemeth all astir with life
As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive.

Then fair befall the flax-field,
And may the kindly showers
Give strength unto its shining stem,
Give seed unto its flowers!

*Mary Howitt.*

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

IT was beautiful in the country for it was the summer time. The wheat fields were yellow. The oats were green and the hay stood in great stacks in the meadows. The stork walked about on his long red legs chattering a strange language he had learned from his mother in Egypt.

All around the fields and meadows were large forests and in the forests were deep lakes. Yes, it was very beautiful in the country.

A pleasant old farm house stood in a sunny place. Deep canals like narrow rivers almost surrounded the house. Great burdocks grew

near the water and under the large leaves a duck had made her nest. She had been sitting on her eggs for a long time and she was very tired of waiting for the little ducks to hatch.

At last one egg began to crack and a little head peeped out. Soon there was another and another. "Peep, peep!" they cried.

"Quack, quack!" said the mother duck and the little ones hurried out of their shells. "How large the world is!" said the little ducklings as they looked about.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "No, indeed, it stretches far away beyond the garden to the fields. "But I have never been so far. Are you all here?" she said as she stood up in her nest. "No, the largest egg is not hatched." And she sat down again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" quacked an old duck who had come to visit the mother and her little ones. "One of my eggs will not hatch," said the sitting duck. But look at the others. Did you ever see such pretty ducklings?"

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the old duck. "It must be a turkey's egg. Leave it alone and go and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I think I will sit a little longer," said the mother.

"Please yourself," said the old duck as she went away.

At last the big egg broke. "Peep, peep!" cried the young one, creeping out. He was very big and ugly. The old duck looked at him. "Can it be that he is a young turkey?" she thought. "Well, we shall soon see. Into the water he will go even if I have to push him in myself."

The next morning the sun shone bright. The mother duck took her little ones to the canal and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack!" she cried, and all the little ducklings jumped in after her. They swam about in the water and the ugly gray duckling swam with them.

"He is not a turkey," said the mother. "He is my own child. See how well he uses his legs. He is not so ugly when one looks at him in the right way."

"Quack, quack! quack, quack! Come with me now, little ducklings, and I will take you to the duck yard. Keep near me and look out for the cat," and the mother duck led them to the big poultry yard. "Shake yourselves; turn your toes out," said the mother. "Now you must all bow to that old duck yonder. Bend your necks and say, 'Quack.'"

"Look at that ugly duckling! We won't have him here," cried the ducks in the poultry yard. And one of them flew out and bit him in the

A Swim in the Canal

neck. "Leave him alone," said the mother. "He is doing no one any harm. In time he will grow handsome," and she smoothed the little one's feathers. But the poor duckling was bitten and pushed by the hens as well as by the ducks.

So passed the first day. Afterwards it became worse and worse. The ugly duckling was driven about by everyone. His brothers and sisters were unkind to him. They kept on saying, "I wish the cat would catch you, you ugly thing." Even his mother said, "I wish you were far away."

The ducks made fun of him, the chickens pecked him and the girl who fed the young ducklings kicked him with her foot. So at last he ran away and flew over the hedge. On and on he went until he came to a big marsh where the wild ducks lived. Here he lay sad and weary among the tall grasses.

After a time two wild geese came by. "You are very ugly," they said, "but we like you. Will you fly away with us?"

Bang! bang! went a gun and the geese fell dead in the water. Bang! bang! it sounded again and flocks of wild geese rose in the air. A great hunt was going on. The hunting dogs came, splash, splash, into the swamp. The poor duckling was in great fright.

At that moment a great dog came swimming

The Ugly Duckling's Escape

along. He looked at the ugly duckling and showed his sharp teeth. Then, splash, splash, he went on through the water. "How thankful I am," thought the duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dogs will not bite me." And so he lay quite still while the shots whistled through the air. The blue smoke rose in clouds and floated away across the water.

It was late in the day before all was quiet. Even then the poor duckling hardly dared to move. At last he ran away from the marsh. On he hurried over field and meadow. A storm arose and the rain and wind made it hard for him to get along.

In the evening he reached a little hut that seemed ready to fall down. The door had given way, and he slipped into the room.

Here lived an old woman with her cat and hen. The cat could arch his back and purr. He could even give out sparks when his fur was stroked the wrong way.

The hen had short legs and she was called, Chick-a-biddy-short-legs. She laid good eggs and the woman loved her as if she were a child.

In the morning they saw the strange duckling, and the hen began to cackle and the cat began to purr.

"What is the matter?" said the old woman looking around. She could not see very well

and she thought the duckling was a fat duck that had lost its way. "Now we shall have duck's eggs," she said.

The cat was master in the house and the hen was mistress. They thought they were the best half of the whole world and they would hardly let the poor duckling speak. He sat in a corner and was very unhappy.

One morning the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room. The duckling longed for a swim on the water and he could not help telling the hen about it.

"How foolish you are!" said the hen. "You have nothing to do and that is why you have such strange thoughts. If you would lay eggs like me or purr like the cat you would forget all about the water."

"But it is pleasant to swim on the water and to dive to the bottom of the pond," said the duck.

"It must be a queer pleasure," said the hen. "Ask the cat if he would like to swim in the water. Ask our mistress if she would like to dive to the bottom of the pond."

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"Who could understand you?" answered the hen. "Do you think you are wiser than the cat, or the old lady or myself? Be thankful for this warm room and good company."

"I think I shall go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well, do so," said the hen.

And so the duckling went. He swam on the water and he dived to the bottom but he was so ugly that he made no friends.

Autumn came. The leaves in the wood turned yellow and brown and danced in the wind. The air grew cold. All this was very sad for the poor duckling.

One evening at sunset a flock of large handsome birds flew out of the bushes. Their feathers were white and they had long graceful necks. They were swans, and they spread their wings and flew away. Then the ugly duckling heard the swan's cry for the first time. He turned around and around in the water and cried out in answer.

He could not forget the beautiful birds. He did not know their names but he loved them as he had never loved anything before. How he longed to be with them.

The winter became very, very cold. The open water where the duckling swam became smaller and smaller. One night he froze fast in the ice. Early the next morning a man passed by. When he saw the duckling he broke the ice, and took the poor bird home to his wife.

Here the duckling was warmed and fed. The

The New Swan was the Most Beautiful of All

children wanted to play with him but he was afraid of them. In his fright he jumped into the milk pail and splashed the milk over the floor. Then he flew into the butter tub and next into the meal barrel.

What a sight he was! The woman screamed and the children tried to catch him. It was well for the duckling that the door was open and he could fly out and hide in the bushes.

It would be too sad to tell of all the cold and hunger that the poor duckling had to bear through the long winter. But at last spring came. One morning the sun began to shine warmly and the larks were singing. All at once the duckling lifted his wings. They had grown stronger and they carried him swiftly along. He found himself in a large garden. Flowers lifted their heads and trees bent their green branches over the winding canal.

Out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They swam lightly over the smooth water. The duckling knew the splendid birds and he felt sad and lonely.

"I will fly to them," he thought. "And they will kill me because I am so ugly. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, kicked by the girl, and to suffer cold in winter."

So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. They looked at him and

came sailing down with outspread wings to meet him.

"Kill me," said the poor bird, and he bowed his head to the water and waited for death. But what did he see in the clear water? He beheld his own image. No longer was he an ugly gray duckling, but a beautiful swan.

At last the poor bird was happy. The large swans swam around him and stroked him with their beaks. Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water.

"Here is a new swan," they shouted. They ran to their father and mother dancing and clapping their hands. "The new swan is the most beautiful of all!" they said. And the old swans bowed down before him.

Then the young swan shook his feathers and curved his slender neck.

"How happy I am!" he said. "I never thought I should live to be so happy when I was an ugly duckling."

## THE APPLE BRANCH

It was the month of May. The wind blew cold. But field and meadow, bush and tree told that spring had come.

Everything was covered with flowers. Even the green hedges were white with bloom. On

a little apple tree the buds were opening with pink blossoms.

The branch was very proud of its beauty. And so it was not surprised when a fine carriage stopped in the road near by. A princess fair and beautiful had seen the little apple tree and wanted the rosy branch for her own.

"What lovely blossoms!" she said. "I must have some of them." The branch was broken off and put into the hands of the fair lady. She held her parasol above it to shade it from the sun.

"Now, I am happy," thought the branch with pride. "The princess sees how beautiful I am. She has taken no other blossom from field or wayside. Truly I am the most beautiful of all." On and on drove the carriage to a fine castle, the home of the princess. The branch was carried into a large room. Lace curtains hung at the windows. Flowers stood in vases of silver and glass. The apple blossoms were placed in the finest vase of all.

Every one that came into the room stopped to admire the pink buds. But the apple branch thought only of itself and grew more vain and proud every moment.

From an open window, near by, the branch could see over gardens and fields. There were gay blossoms in the beds and humble flowers by the wayside.

"I am glad I am not like the weeds," thought the proud branch. "How unhappy they must be!" and it looked with scorn upon the yellow flowers that grew along the ditches. They were called dog-flower or dandelions and they sprang up everywhere, like bad weeds.

"Poor little plants!" said the apple branch. "It is not your fault that you are so common and have such an ugly name. But there must be some plain flowers. They can not all be beautiful."

The sunbeams came trooping through the air. They kissed the apple branch and they kissed the yellow flowers in the field. All were alike to the sun and the sunbeams visited them all.

"What is the plant that you call ugly?" asked a sunbeam.

"The dandelions," said the apple branch. "They are never put in vases. They are trodden under foot, there are so many of them. When they go to seed they fly like feathers along the road and cling to people's clothes. They are too common. I am glad I was not made like them."

"You do not see very far and you do not see very well," said the sunbeam.

Just then some children ran into a field that was yellow with dandelions. The youngest of them was so small that he was carried by the

others. When he was set on the ground he laughed for joy. He crept from one place to another, picking the blossoms and kissing them.

The older children made chains for their necks and wreaths for their heads. They all looked quite splendid with their golden crowns and long chains.

Then they gathered the feathery seeds that they called wool flowers. They held up long stems crowned with airy balls of finest down. These they held to their mouths and each child tried to blow all the seeds away with one breath.

Their grandmother had told them that whoever could do this would be sure to have new clothes before the year was out. And so they looked on the flower as a good fairy.

"Look! Look!" whispered the sunbeam. "Do you not see how much pleasure the dandelions give?"

"Yes, to chidren," said the apple branch in scorn. By and by an old woman came into the field and began to dig up the dandelion roots. She wanted the leaves for greens, and the roots to sell so that she could earn some money.

"Do you see the old woman?" asked the sunbeam. "The dandelions give her both food and money."

"Nothing is like beauty," said the proud

branch. "To be beautiful is best of all. The dandelions are common and my princess would not look at them. She would never bring them to this room nor put them in her vases."

"The dandelion is loved and cared for by the good God," said the sunbeam. "He sends the sunshine and the rain alike to all the plants of the earth."

"That is what you think," replied the apple branch.

At that moment the princess entered the room carrying something wrapped in large leaves. She walked toward the vase in which were the apple blossoms.

"The princess has brought a splendid flower from the garden," thought the apple branch. "Perhaps it is a rose, or maybe, a tall lily."

One by one the leaves were removed with care. Inside, what did the apple branch see? It was not a rose nor yet a lily. It was not a flower from the garden. It was the round feather seed crown of the common dandelion.

The princess held it up to the window. "Could anything be more beautiful?" she said. "See how light and airy it is. I will paint it with the apple branch, for it is just as beautiful, although in a different way."

Then the sunbeams kissed the lowly flower, and the apple branch seemed to blush in all its blossoms.

Miss. Mary Virginia Fisher

Mt. Pleasant

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